

# The Protestant Address, ON HIS MAJESTY'S CALLING A Free-Parliament.

**N**OW English Braves the utmost  
point have gain'd,  
That *Magna Charta*, or the Laws  
contain'd.

The great supporter of our Liberty;  
The Mighty *Sanhedrim*, Select and Free;  
The true Dispensitory of our Laws,  
Shall clear our Jealousies, and plead our Cause:  
To stop the Current of a Civil-War,  
What more cou'd Heav'n, or a Just King declare?

When *Pagan* Darkness had o're-cast the Land,  
Loud Storms did Rage with a prevailing hand;  
Amid'st the Clouds of Lightning, and of Smoke,  
In a slow Voice, the God-like Monarch spoke;  
"England, Rejoyce; hence Banish all Despair;  
"Thy Crys are heard; Thy Breaches I'll repair:  
"What Lords and Prelates oft Implor'd in vain,  
"Without Petitioning, you now Obtain.  
"Tho' Prayer prevails, 'tis not th' officious Saint,  
"But the Gods Bounty condescends to grant.

He spake, and strait the Storm did disappear;  
The Cloud disperst, and all the Heavens were clear.  
The chearful Voice of a **Free-Parliament**,  
As swift as Lightning, thro' the Nation went:  
The grateful Summons reacht the *Belgick* Band,  
And did extend thro' all the spacious Land;  
Beyond Domestick, ev'n to Foreign Powers,  
The Joy and Terror of the Neighbouring Shores.  
Let *France* alone dread the Eternal Voice,  
Whil'st *Holland*, joyn'd with *England*, does rejoyce.  
A **Parliament**! What Charms does that imply?  
Our Lives, our Laws, Religion, Liberty;  
Whatever else to *English-Men* is dear,  
As in its proper Region, center here.  
The Nerves of War, the Sinews of our Peace;  
Redresser of the Nations Grievances;  
The great *Catholicon*; a Compound sure,  
Which does to each Disease apply a Cure;  
To Purge the Land o'th' *Roman* Legion,  
A *Bolus* for the Whore of *Babylon*.  
Assertor of the King and Peoples Right;  
And, with Success, can Crown the doubtful Fight.

'Twas **This**, when false *Achitophels* took place,  
And many a Loyal Peer was in Disgrace;  
When *Pagan* Blindness did the Night begin,  
And Priests from *Tyber*, like a Stream, broke in.  
'Twas **This**, the very Name of **Parliament**,  
When Factious Tumults Rag'd, and Discontent;  
To the appeasing of the Lawless Crowd,  
Restor'd the Day, and did disperse the Cloud.  
A brighter Sun, and a serener Sky,  
Succeeds the Storm, and does our Peace imply.

When Foreign Streams the Land had over-flown;  
The fatal Sword was in our Bowels drawn;  
When *Orange* with his War-like Troops, came o're  
The *Belgick* Lyon did begin to Rore;  
When to his Aid lost *Macklesfeld* did run,  
To be Reveng'd, or to have Justice done:  
Ev'n then a *Parliament* (such are these Charms!)  
Allay'd the Fury of the *Belgick* Arms.  
Encircled here, we'll fear no other Blows;  
Their Swords their Hearts engag'd in the same cause  
The bare Proclaiming of a **Free-Election**,  
Brought the *Invading-Foe* to our Protection.

What Mysteries are here! A Foreign Prince  
*England* Invades, for *English-Mens* Defence!  
A Formidable Army in the Rere,  
With many a Noble Potentate and Peer;  
*Shamburg*, *Nassau*, and *Staremburg* the Great;  
(Whose very Presence is a sure Defeat,)  
Their Arms, thur'd to Conquest, will lay down;  
No violation to the *British* Crown:  
Come only to Espouse the *English* Cause,  
The *Protestant* Religion, and the Laws;  
By Reason, not by Combat, to perswade,  
Against the Foes that wou'd those Rights Invade.

This Sovereign, this sole Expedient,  
Is founded in a **Legal Parliament**.  
May this Conjunction of the higher Spears  
Dispel our groundless Jealousies and Fears;  
And may the wondrous Year of **Eighty Eight**,  
In *England* once again set all things Right.

F I N I S.